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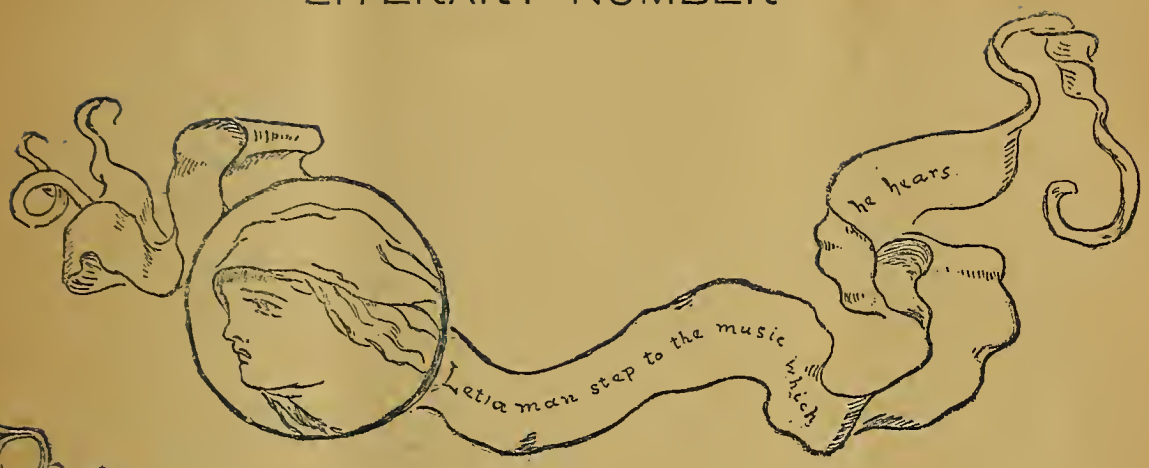

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO XXXV.

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JUNE 18, 1892.

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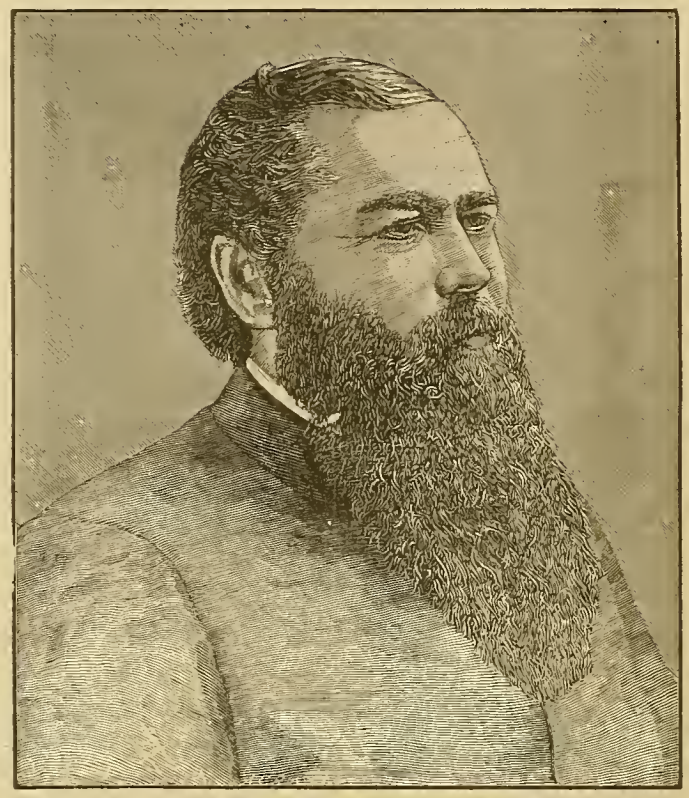

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. III. NEWTON, MASS., JUNE 18, 1892. No. 35

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price $2.00 a year. Weekly copies 5 cents. Monthly copies 15 cents.

EDITORS:

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MISS CAROLINE MUDGETT, SP.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent *in all cases*, to Helen Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley Mass.

Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. Fred W. Walker 74 Tremont street, Room 21, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office, Newton, Mass

EDITORIALS

Now that Wellesley possesses at last a fleet of light, serviceable boats, it seems necessary that some means should be provided for housing them. The students, recognizing this fact, have already begun to look forward to a boat-house on the shores of the lake. An architect has been consulted and plans have been drawn for an edifice which shall cost about $2500. $500 has been already raised, and a plan for raising the remainder has been laid before the students which seems very practicable. It is proposed that the money be obtained through student-subscription, and it is hoped that the subscriptions received may enable the boat house to become a reality next year. Wellesley students must appreciate full well the undesirability of starting another fund which shall make itself a heavy burden upon the College for years to come, and every effort should be made to raise the money necessary for the boat house as soon as possible. The sum required from each student is not a large one and can be raised easily during the summer. A boat house is absolutely necessary for the protection of the new boats, and every student should do her share toward building it. A great deal is said from time to time about college spirit at Wellesley, and it doubtless exists, although usually as a rather vague abstraction. Now is the time to make college spirit of practical use. Each student should feel a vital interest in whatever interests the College, and prove herself a loyal advocate of every new plan for its welfare. The new boat house is needed. Let us see how quickly college enthusiasm can build it.

The '92 *Legenda* made its appearance in the College last week, and it received a warm welcome from the students. The cover is in '92's colors, clover-pink and white, and the word *Legenda* is printed upon it in silver. The annual makes a new departure this year and appears before the world as a musical publication, containing a collection of Wellesley songs. Such a collection has been long needed by the students, and it cannot fail to meet with hearty appreciation. The annual contains also the editorials, calendars, and class lists which have been features of previous annuals, and thus will be of value as a mirror

of college life. An especially praise-worthy feature is the number and excellence of the illustrations. They are in every way thoroughly artistic and add much to the success of the book.

One of the disadvantages which the students of College Hall feel very strongly, is the need of some room which they may use as a parlor. At present there is no place where the students may meet together for a social good time, except in the gymnasium, and that is but a poor substitute for the cosy, home-like parlor of which many feel the lack. Elocution Hall possesses many possibilities and it could very easily and with slight expense, be fitted up for the use of the students. A piano, rugs and a supply of cosy chairs would turn it into a charming parlor, and the appreciation of the students would certainly reward all efforts expended upon it. A parlor of this kind would tend to do away with much of the dissatisfaction felt toward College Hall as a place of residence, since it would add the element of home-life, which is now entirely absent.

JUNE SONG.

I will sing a song of June,
I will set it to the tune
Of a gliding midnight moon,
Mistress she of night's dark noon.

It shall be of birds and rills,
Of the music that she trills,
Of the bounty that she spills,—
Fairy gold on all the hills.

June is like a maiden fair,
June is bathed in balmy air,
Queen of heaven cannot compare.
June is radiant, rosy, rare.

June is like my love, you know,
In her cheeks red roses blow,
Dark as night her tresses flow,
Soft her voice like brooklets slow.

June hath blue and tender skies,
So my love hath violet eyes;
Magic lore can June surmise,
And my love is wondrous wise.

June is jubilant and bright,
So my love is blithe and light;
June, alas! doth speed her flight,
Speeds my love thus from my sight.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.

CRITICISM FROM AESTHETIC STANDPOINT.

Before I began to write my modest criticism of one of Howell's novels, I read his somewhat sarcastic apology to the army of critics in general, in "Criticism and Fiction," and in the face of all this irony I venture to add my contribution to the pile already too large. In doing so, I fully realize that I am increasing the amount of "little-digging," as Howell's is pleased to call the work of his women critics.

Whatever favorable criticism I have for him will need no arguments, but for unfavorable judgments I must resort to the plea of "knowing what I like," although I should be glad to find a different one, if it were possible. I thoroughly appreciate his arguments for realism, and agree with him entirely when he says: "Every day life makes no impression on us, but with the touch of genius it becomes most interesting and enchanting," and it is only when the genius seems to be omitted in the novel, that I intend to pass my adverse criticism.

The simplest method of carrying out the criticism is the discussion as to how far the book satisfies the four canons of our perfect novel. Let us first try the test of unity. Does this small slice cut out of real American life have any claim to a noble, beautiful unity in all its parts? Does it, as we like to imagine our ideal novel, rise gently with even swell and perfect balance to the wave's crest and then fall, we care not how abruptly, and lose itself in the ebbing tide? Alas, no gracious curve of any imaginable form can be neatly mapped

out, to gather into itself the complex mass of every day life of these real people. We will not try to represent it by the grand wave with its simplicity and completeness. If it can be gathered into any figure whatever, it seems more like the little circlets of eddies roused up by a pebble falling into the waters. And from this little centre the tiny waves run fretting away, tumbling upon one another, now lost for a moment, now again re-appearing, and press on in their feeble strength to the very banks of the river. It will spoil the figure to attempt to carry it out, but is it not with this novel as with any portion of real human life set apart? If you take any group of people bound together by one common tie, however slight as in this case, you can trace no wave-like unity, but rather the tiny pebble's influence. Each wave circle has its own unity; although deformed, borders upon, and influences all the rest. If this is unity, if in this busy, hurrying human life there can be found any unity, then will we claim this canon for Howell's novel.

He succeeds in gaining this doubtful unity by the centre of interest of the book. Mr. Howell's intention is to portray modern New York life, and he effects this not by portraits of real New York men and women, who have been born and bred in this atmosphere, but by bringing together a group of people from the east, west and south,and watching them through the process of adapting themselves to this life. Real New Yorkers would not stop to make remarks about their environment fully enough to suit his purpose, and it would be very prosaic and humdrum for the author to give all these reflections himself. And as all these people settle down to live representative city lives in conveniently representative occupations, it is to all purposes fully as satisfactory, and we have the foreigners' criticisms extra. The result is that we practically have the New York capitalist, philanthropist, artist, journalist, anarchist, socialist and the society man and woman. And when he gives us New York he gives us every American city. This was his purpose, and we congratulate him on the success of his effort. It is, then, the grouping of events and characters around this centre of interest that constitutes the unity of the novel.

How does the novel satisfy the second canon, of proportion? The first response in our minds is the remembrance that one of the five parts of the book is spent almost entirely on vivid descriptions of flat-hunting, and if one stopped after this first part, he would gain the impression that the novel was written for no other purpose whatever but to portray this important phase of New York life. But let us give our author the credit that he has done it well, marvelously well. And we are as much interested in it all, as if we were ever after to use that all-important elevator, were to occupy one of the eight rooms, and were to be tortured by, or enjoy all Mrs. Grosvenor Green's bric-a-brac, and as if it devolved upon us to invent excuses and just criticisms of the apartment, when the rent rose above the fixed eight hundred.

But real life takes just as long to make its decisions. Shall we quarrel with real life, or with the novel that gives us real life, and hold up for example the novel with ideal plot, of nicely balanced parts; just enough heroism, just enough villainy, and the due amount of love-making and other novel requisites? Rather let us still look for one who will give us the happy mean.

Two other elements that are out of proportion are the discussion of the magazine and the conversations in general. The magazine is ostensibly of course the main theme of the novel, but we care nothing about it, and hurry over the long debates about its success and failure. We know that when Fulkerson appears we must talk about the "Every Other Week." He is out of his sphere on any other

topic. He thus serves to represent the American with his well-ridden hobby, and as this we accept him, "the merry, hopeful, slangy, energetic little creature."

Let us take the canons of truth and beauty together, for Howells in his "Criticism and Fiction," makes them synonymous, that is, he takes for his watchword, "Beauty is Truth, and truth is beauty." But does he make them synonymous in the novel? He gives us overflowing abundance of truth, and trusts that he is giving us beauty. When we declare that Beauty is Truth, we do not vouch for the converse and say that all truth is beauty. Our æsthetic capabilities are not large enough to embrace all this world-full of truth, and clasp it all to our hearts in a rapture of admiration. We feel we can well afford to spare much of this time-honored quality and suffer it to remain unvoiced.

Have we no right to make distinctions in truths and say which we wish to have given us by the fine arts and which we shall keep for everyday use? Or must we accept all, whether from poetry, prose or painting, in the name of truth? As to the novel, the decision must be made in accordance with its aim. This we understand to be to "achieve an artistic result." Then the question rests entirely on the individual idea of the artistic. In this evidently Mr. Howells and I disagree. It does not seem to me the best use of time to spend it considering exactly in what position a man was when he conversed with his neighbor. It matters not to me, whether he sat astride the table, or was tilting a chair on its hind leg. Do we care whether Fulkerson struck the match on the ribbed side of the porcelain cup that held the matches in the centre of the table, or if Mrs. March was just removing the first dismantling pin from her hair before the glass, when the family quarrel began?

True, this is realism, and very vivid realism, but if this is the price we are to pay for it, let us go without this boon a little longer. Howells dwells on these physical details more in the beginning of the novel than in the latter part. He seems to do it intentionally, and when he becomes interested in the story, he forgets to drag in his realism. For this reason one feels more justified in criticizing him.

But when with his remarkable keenness Howells gives us something we do not see ourselves, or have never put into words, we are pleased and vote him a success. He has taken some pretty accurate notes of the aberrations of women in general, and although they are rather severe, yet they are very keen and everyone enjoys them.

There are a great many things we are glad to praise. Some psychological siftings of the way in which Mr. March and Beaton come to their decisions; the description of the dinner in honor of the magazine and the bright little sketches of each character; the way Lindan, Colonel Wood-burn and Fulkerson and their hobbies are continually brought in; the discussion of marriage by Mr. and Mrs. March; Many little touches like this: "The Colonel looked up through his glasses with the sort of ferocity elderly men sometimes have to put on, in order to keep their glasses from falling off."

The truth and vividness of his characters is very skilfully effected. This is done mostly by character contrast, which is very well managed, and by conversation, which is often very sharp and bright, although sometimes long drawn out. The result is that we know his people very quickly, just as we do the people we hear talk every day, not as our most intimate friends, for we have no common bond with them. There is very little of struggle for us to sympathize with, except in the case of Conrad, and I think we do know him better than any other character. And *their* joys are so commonplace that it needs very little intimacy to sympathize with them.

But what we would praise most is the enveloping action which is so finely done. One cannot but feel the influence of the busy, throbbing city life all through the book. It is never made too prominent, but always keeps its proportions. It seems wonderfully true and real, and is thoroughly artistic.

But all in all, as we consider the "Hazard of New Fortunes," after we have closed the book, the same impression is left with us as when we have been examining a poorly laid mosaic. Some of the tiny stones are too large, a few misshapen, and although the rest are exquisitely carved and carefully laid, still these slight blemishes give a touch of unpleasantness to the whole. The unity of the perfect mosaic is lost. A sense of imperfection continually clings about it.

Harriet N. Gage, '92.

THE ARIEL.

The white-winged Ariel sped away:
And the mermaids softly laughed at their play.

O Ariel, Ariel, whither bound?
O white-winged Ariel, whither away?
Why flee so fast the solid ground,
Why leap so glad to the flying spray?
And why do the mermaids laugh at their play?

O blue the sky, with a blue intense,
A sapphire dome with frets of flame;
And the rippling sea, like a thing of sense,
Fawns on the Ariel fond and tame;
And free the Ariel spreads her wings,
And free she bounds o'er the rippling sea,
And her poet-captain pants and sings,
And bares his brow to the breezes free,
And laughs and shouts with exultant glee.

O mermaids, why do you laugh at your play?
For the ship is fast in the sheltering bay.

O seven times shall the golden sun
String a pearl of light on time's rich chain,
And ere the seventh day be done
Shall the Ariel spread her wings amain,
But once, and not once again.

Up, up to the tower, and watch the bark,
And see her safe to the Spezzian shore!
For the tempest rises fierce and dark,
With cruel menace in flash and roar.
But the white-winged Ariel speeds along,
And her sharp prow mocks the leaden sea;
And the wild winds follow with shrieking song,
And the white spray dashes high and free,
And the green-haired mermaids laugh with glee.

O mermaids, go again to your play,
And leave the boat to her homeward way!

O merrily, merrily, Ariel, speed!
And faster, faster, faster, fly!
O now, white wings, is your time of need,
For the demons of darkness are pressing nigh,
And the mermaids laugh as they hurry by.

O fast the Ariel speeds along
O'er glassy gulf and foamy crest;
And her poet-pilot sings a song
Which the wild winds carry to east and west.
O look from the tower! do you see her still?
Ay, ay, she holds on her homeward track;
And beats the billows with furious will,
And forces the Storm King's minions back—
O God! what a pall of black!

O mermaids, mermaids, why do you play
With the winds and the waves on such a day

O merrily, merrily, falls the light
On diamond drops from the azure sky;
And their evening altars blazing bright
The snow-capped Apennines rear on high;
But the white-winged Ariel none descry.

O mermaids, why do you laugh so low,
A laugh of triumph and love and glee?
And what do you bear along so slow,
So slow, through the emerald depths of sea?
They kiss his brow and silk-fringed eyes,
And his cold white lips and sunny hair:
And they call aloud on him to arise,
But the poet-soul of him is not there;
And their laughter is turned to dull despair.

O mermaids, ill did ye choose your play
When ye stole the Ariel's life away.

L. G. G., '83.

A CENTENNIAL REMINISCENCE.

"Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,
Without both looking and feeling queer."

In this age of anniversaries and celebrations a good many things must feel "queer" when they are awakened from their long sleep, and blink their astonished eyes in the brilliant light of the 19th century. As all eyes turn toward the approaching World's Fair, my thoughts wander back to an incident connected with the Washington centennial of 1789. Sharing the enthusiasm for hunting up heir-looms, I went to the attic in search of a tortoise shell comb which I knew was packed away in an old-fashioned, horse-hair trunk. This trunk belonged to my great-great-grandmother, and has her initials, M. H. A., on the lid in brass nails, once bright, but now tarnished and dull. I readily found the sandal-wood case, and opening it drew the dainty comb from its fleecy nest. As I did so, a quaint yellow packet fell at my feet. Picking this up, I found it to be a letter written by the former owner of the comb to her cousin. The writing was exceedingly cramped and small; but in spite of "ye olde fashioned" s's, I at last mastered its contents and found, to my great delight, that it described all the ceremonies and festivities of George Washington's inauguration in 1789. And this is what our worthy grandmothers and grandfathers witnessed during those memorable days:

New York, First of Fifth Month, 1789.
Dear Cousin:—

"I am sat down to relate to you the event which occurred yesterday. I regret much that you could not participate in the scene, but rejoice to hear that you are on the recovery from your long illness.

It is needless to premise that all the taverns and inns have been crowded for at least a fortnight. There is such a multitude here, that I fail to see where the people are all housed. You must know, that two or three days ago, our General arrived, being rowed up the harbor in a barge beauteously decked. The water presented a fine sight for being covered with craft variously adorned.

Yesterday at morn guns were fired from Fort George to announce the beginning of the festivities. At the ninth hour, we all went in church to ask the Divine Aid for this our new Government.

The procession set off from the President's house on Cherry street, at the half hour past noon, and marched through Queen street, Great Dock and down Broad street to Federal Hall. It is needless to say that the streets had been thronged for hours.

Be not incredulous, when I tell you that the folks stood so close together, that one might have walked on their heads.

I cannot acquaint you with all the particulars, insomuch as they would make a book.

The President rode in an elegant coach, drawn by six fine steeds. Later in the procession were grenadiers bravely apparelled; and I must not forget to mention the Highlanders of Scotland, who were accompanied with inspiring music from the national pibroch.

I was in company with Aunt Sarah and Sire Ellsworth, in a window so near to the balcony of the Hall that we could hear Mr. Washington speak. Our esteemed and beloved General, escorted by your honored Uncle John, Governor Clinton, Chancellor Livingston, and other respected gentlemen, came forward past a crimson covered table whereon lay a large Bible. Stepping to the front of the balcony, and placing his hand on his heart, he bowed. He appeared very dignified and commanding, in his dark brown suit with white silk stockings, and shoes ornamented with silver buckles. The people received him with shouts that were

almost deafening. Sire Ellsworth said they were 'enough to stun a body.'

Chancellor Livingston in his robe of office administered the oath, and the secretary of state held the Bible, which Mr. Washington kissed.

The Chancellor then turned toward the street and cried "Long live George Washington, President of the United States;" and at the same moment a flag was run up on the cupola, and straightway guns were fired and bells were rung.

Sire Ellsworth called out "God bless our Washington," and the General must have heard him for he glanced over and bowed. I dreaded lest I should have dropped for excitement! The air was rended with shouts, and our greatly revered President withdrew from a scene which to me was deeply touching in its love for the man whose example will ever live, and whose memory shall never die.

He retired to the senate chamber, where he gave his address, and then went to Saint Paul's church.

When my honored father returned at night, he recounted how our dear President bore himself in the Hall. He was agitated and embarassed, and trembled more than once. It was a most touching scene, for this great man was affected more than of cannon and shot.

In the eve, there was made a magnificent show by fireworks and bon-fires, such as I have never seen. It was a marvelous vision! The houses were lighted from the bottom to the top, causing it to seem as if the day-king were yet with us: Federal Hall beyond any was a dazzling blaze of splendor.

The Carolina in the harbor was framed in a pyramid of stars. Fort George did nobly with its display; and in all places about the city were illuminations of many sorts, which the people received with great shouts. I heard it said that when our President wished to return home from the excellent Chancellor's he could not ride, for the crowd, but had to walk.

Aunt Sarah said, when we retired, He deserves all this honor and more too, God bless him. My feelings were likewise, and methinks so were all others. Now I have really seen him, the preserver of our nation, with his proud and stately figure and his modest mien! Pray, my dear cousin, be not dismayed if I say I almost worship this man."

Here the letter breaks off for several days, during which time, I suppose my ancestor visited the principal points of interest in New York.

What a different sight she must have beheld from what we see when we cross the bridge!

Think of it, the bridge! Why in her time such a connection of the two shores would have been thought as impossible as a bridge across the Atlantic in this age. In 1789 the quiet streets did not know even the rumble of the now discarded Broadway omnibus. All above Chambers street was an open common.

But let me finish the letter. It seems that she has been to the ball, for it is dated "15th May."

"Since writing the above, much has happened by which I can entertain you. When I relate that I attended the Inaugural Ball in my gorgeous new gown, you will appreciate my ecstacy.

On entering the assembly rooms, each dame and damsel was presented with a fan, the sticks of which contain a likeness of our President.

I will make mine a present to you on my return. I had a most superb time, dancing in several minuets and cotillions.

Our President opened the ball with Mrs. Van Brugh Livingston. Mr. Hamilton's lady was his partner in the second cotillion, and later in the evening he honored Mrs. Maxwell with a minuet.

Among the guests of whom I made the acquaintance, were Lady Kitty Duer, Baron Steuben. Mrs. Chancellor Livingston, General Knox: but the lady that pleased me most was Mrs. James Beekman. She is a charming creature. Of course I need not intimate that the supper was sumptuous, and that the decorations and frocks were magnificent.

It is impossible to describe the elegant costumes, but one in particular caught my attention.

I was not able to acquaint myself with the wearer, whosoever she may be. It was of yellow brocade, worn over a satin petticoat, magnificently embroidered in the richest colors.

The pointed bodice was cut low, her shoulders being covered with a dainty cob-web cape of Flemish lace, finished at the throat by a string of exquisite pearls. Her hair was a mountain of marvelous puffs topped by a cluster of feathers.

Last night I attended my second ball, even more gorgeous than the first.

It was given at the De Monstier Mansion, Mme De Bréhan making ready the decorations.

Her success was enchanting, for the rooms were a perfect paradise. The walls, covered by flags and banners, were interspersed with flowers. I cannot narrate the bewildering scene through which I passed, but I will tell you the event of the evening.

It was two sets of cotillions danced by four gentlemen in the military costume of France with four ladies dressed to represent America, and by four gentlemen in the well known blue and buff with ladies portraying France.

The quadrilles were uniquely performed, the better to show the friendship of the two nations.

One apartment was given up wholly to refreshments and here the walls were lined with shelves whereon were placed the most lucious fruits, ice creams, and wines of all sorts. We tarried till after midnight and I assure you today I feel very languid for want of rest, but shall be cleverly in a few days.

Present my duty to your honored father, and my love to dear aunt Sarah.

I return you thanks for your last packet, and can say in the length of this epistle, I have made the golden rule mine. Be assured, I am at all times most affectionately your cousin. Abigail Adams."

Mary Coleman Adams, '95.

MEMORIES.

Green are the hills and dales that round thee spread,
And bright the waters of you crystal lake,
And blue the sky that stretches over all,
Toward which thou gladly liftest thy dear head,
Wellesley.

O'er hill and dale how often have I strayed
And plucked the flowers that grew along my way,—
Bold mountain pink and careless buttercup,
Spring beauty shy and violet dismayed.

When wizard sun had gilded all the west
Oft have I o'er the liquid gold below
Pushed my unwilling craft with labor mild,
Or drifting still have lulled my soul to rest.

Within those walls I saw God's truths made plain,
My soul drank deep, yet all was not enough;
That lamp, — desire for knowledge hotter burned:
Life was most sweet and work was not in vain.

Some friends I had, — Oh better far than all!
Than knowledge, flowery field or sparkling wave;
And heart touched heart in eager intercourse
In days which memory loveth to recall.

A bit of color this, and brighter, — see!
Than summer sky, and framed in shining gold.
An emblem 'tis of what I hold most dear,
Sweet souvenir of by gone days and thee,
Wellesley.

D. E. G

IN A LIGHT-HOUSE TOWER.

He was a rough old man, the keeper, rough and weather-beaten as the rocks about his sea-swept home. His unkempt gray beard and straggling white hair gave him a strange, wild look, as he lay there, so quiet, in the corner of the room. The room was like the keeper. It had no beauty, no grace, but a certain honest plainness, a strong trustworthy look that impressed itself upon you.

Without, there was the crash of the waters, and the howling of the wind. The waves fought like raging beasts. They rushed on like wolves intent on their prey. Now and then one, stronger than the rest, dashed itself against the light-house and fell back with a hissing crash on the weed-strewn rocks below.

The wind and the water are uniting to devour the fire which burns so steadily and hopefully far up in the guarded tower. The wind snarls around the summit and the waves hurl themselves upon its base, but the light never flickers, and the fog-bell sends out its sepulchral tone, like some demon voice, exultant in the storm.

The life of the light in the light house tower is strong and undimmed, but the life of the keeper is flickering and faint. Beside him sits a man, young and slender. Out of place you think him, but no, he too is strong and honest, can struggle and endure. He watches the keeper with a careful glance, and starts up with a physician's caution as the door opens on its unoiled hinges and a man comes in with awkward, would-be-easy tread.

There is no movement from the man upon the bed, and the doctor says in a low tone, "A fearful storm." "Worst fer more'n twenty year. They'll never come for yer tonight," comes in a gruff whisper from the keeper's assistant.

"No matter," and the doctor glanced at the sleeper, who stirred uneasily, as a heavier wave than before, driven back by the staunch light-house, sent a cold chill through its walls.

"Can't leave the light no longer," and the tall man vanished up the crooked staircase just as the keeper wakened and looked at the doctor with a troubled air.

"The light is all right. Mark will see to it," said the doctor, reassuringly, but the sick man made a gesture of impatience, and his pale lips framed the question "Who are you?"

"Never mind me, I'm only a doctor." Then thinking a fuller explanation might place him at his ease, the physician continued: "My father was a sailor, and when I was down here on business and heard there was an old sailor sick, I just came over, that's all."

The old man looked searchingly into the young one's frank, brown eyes, and drank the cordial which he offered him.

The doctor sat down and the silence was broken only by the loud ticking of the great watch on the table, and the labored breathing of the sick man. From without came the clamor of the angry sea. Then, "Am I dying," came in a husky whisper from the corner, and the doctor gravely bent his head. A shadow crossed the keeper's rugged face. Then he smiled. The young man watched him silently. The clock struck ten, the fogbell rang at the same time. "You said your father was a sailor, lad?"

"Yes, lost on the Guadaloupe long years ago."

"And you?" There was a world of inquiry in the tone.

The answer was simple and direct.

"I am a doctor in New York." "Ah." It was a long drawn sigh, as of a man in mortal pain. Then —

"It's hard to die alone. I want to tell you a story. I don't know why, but your face makes me trust you. Doctors can keep secrets, they used to say," and a faint smile crossed the man's lips.

"Yes, we have many," and the young man turned in his chair.

"Well, this is only one more, but I must tell it," and the old man's face was touching in its loneliness and longing for sympathy.

"Lad, did you love your father?"

The doctor started from his chair, and looked straight into the eyes of the keeper. The old man met the glance and said, "I see you did." He paused a moment, then went on. "I had a boy once. That was before I lived on the island. I wasn't always such a rough old man," and he stroked his tangled beard with his wasted fingers. "I was a smart young captain when I married Laura. Lad, there aren't many girls in your New York like my Laura," and the old man stopped. The fog bell rang out twice. Then he went on. "Our boy was like her, handsome, shipshape. Then — " the fog bell sounded like a phantom voice — "she died, and I put the boy to school and went off on a long cruise. When I came back he was a lad to be proud of, smart and — as fond of his father as I could wish. I staid ashore a year or two, and — then — 'twas mighty lonesome, and I was off again. Then my boy went to New York, and studied law. I was gone ten years, or thereabouts and never heard from."

The old man's strength was failing. The doctor raised his head and gave him wine. Then he went on. "I went to New York. I can't tell it all. He was a lawyer — made lots of money — told me — " here the keeper choked and panted for breath — "his wife — didn't — know — his — father was alive — thought — well, — I knew he was ashamed of his rough old father and it hurt. Then I didn't seem to want to see anybody, and here I've lived for twenty years. He's a judge now. I saw his child last summer. I thought for a minute my Laura had come back to me. Her name is Laura, too." The young man looked up quickly and his face grew pale. Then his left hand sought and grasped a slender ring on his watch chain. He set his lips and listened.

"She was so happy, and I was so lonely, I almost spoke to her, but I heard her speak of her father, and I saw her eyes when she did it. I saw she loved him, and, well, I loved him too. And she was happy, and what did a few more days of loneliness matter to a poor old man like me. So I watched her till they thought me mad, and I was. But I loved her father too." The old man fell back motionless.

The angry waves surged louder on the broken cliffs, and the fog-bell rang out through the mist and darkness. The young man turned from the window where he had been striving to pierce the gloom and rain, and bent over the dying keeper. Hark! The lips are moving. "Send her word, her name is Lau — " There was a gasp for breath. Then the doctor turned from the bedside and paced the room. He was alone.

In the morning the wind had died out, and the faint beams of the rising sun touched with gold the green coils of seaweed thrown high upon the cliffs.

In a little boat between the island and the mainland sat the doctor, his white and weary face telling of the vigil he had kept and the battle he had fought. All night he had paced the cheerless room, forgetful of the dead, unmindful of the storm, thinking. "Shall I tell her? It will only grieve her. It will do no good, I cannot, I cannot."

The dawn had found him on his knees beside the dead man, and as the light came slowly in, he rose and muttered, looking at the keeper's quiet face, "His last wish. God forgive me, but I cannot."

"Where are you going my little man,
With the pail of chalk and bright tin pan?"
"I'm going to the brook, amid the glade;
I'm going a-milking, sir," he said.

—*Brunonian*

AFTERGLOW.

The sunset is dying behind the trees.
And only a streak of amber light
Remains to tell of the glory gone,
That for awhile made the whole world bright.

So nothing remains of the days that are past,
But a streak of amber, wondrous bright,
To speak of the time when thy love sufficed
To gladden and fill my world with light.

M. K.

Hear the bird sing it.
Let the wind wring it,
May the light bring it
Unto thee;
Let fancy mould it,
Let truth enfold it,
Let the heart hold it,—
Harmony.

CHOCORUA. A LEGEND.

It was the last night of my college life and Harris and I were in his old rooms for the last time. We were feeling somewhat sad at the thought of severing college friendships, more or less intimate as the case might be, and we had just said our "good bye" when Harris spoke. "I say, why can't you spend a few days with me at my little place in the mountains?" There was no reason why I should not accept his invitation and in a day or two we were on the train bound for a little town in the White Mountains.

It was six o'clock when we reached Bradford, and from there a ride of ten miles in the coach brought us to Chocorua where Harris' bachelor home was. A cool summer evening in the mountains, what a refreshing change from hot, dusty Cambridge! And Chocorua was the prettiest little spot, nestling among the white topped mountains, and with a beautiful little lake to add to its charm. Away from all the sights and sounds of modern civilization, it seemed to me an ideal place in which to spend a long, thoughtful summer in preparation for the work which we had chosen for our profession.

Soon after we reached our cosy little house, we were lounging with our pipes around a wood fire which pleasantly took the chill off the cool evening air.

"Chocorua" said I musingly, "that's an odd name; what does it mean!"

"There is a legend about this house and place" said Harris slowly, through the wreaths of smoke around us. "A long time ago, an old Indian Chief named Chocorua, lived up the mountain here, with a small tribe of his people, and where this cottage is now, there was a rough cabin owned by a Mr. Hammond. He and his three boys used to come here in the summer, just as we have done, for fishing and hunting, and the boys found Chocorua's son, a tall, athletic young Indian, an excellent guide in their excursions. One day, however, Mr. Hammond and the boys started off early in the morning alone, and as they were to be gone all day, they closed the cabin; and scattered a few pieces of poisoned meat outside in order to keep away the foxes that came prowling around after the chickens.

During the morning Chocorua's son came down the mountain to see the boys, and finding them gone, he sat down to wait in case they should come back. After awhile he grew hungry and took a piece of the meat near by. When the boys came back in the evening, they found the lifeless body of their young friend lying before the door.

They explained to the old chief the cause of the boy's death; he remained perfectly silent and looked at them in stoical indifference. Two nights afterwards, Chocorua and his tribe came down the mountain and murdered all the Hammonds in their beds.

Then the white people around the neighborhood rose up in arms and went against the Indians. They killed some of the tribe and at last pursued Chocorua to the top of the

mountain. There he stood, majestic, silent, unarmed. 'Come down, Chocorua, or we will kill you,' they shouted to him. For the first time then, looking down at them, he said 'Let the white man's thunder speak.' And they shot him."

Harris paused a moment, then he said, "That is the true history of the place; and now I am trying to find the name of Chocorua's son: I want to call my little house after him. It was just outside here that he died."

Florence Hooper, '93.

A JUNE FANCY.

I was dreaming down by Waban's shore,
The day was warm and bright,
My thoughts were of the far away,—
I had not noticed Night,
As she crept along the waters,
Tinging the blue with gray
And all the gold of sunset
Seemed to kiss departing day.

Then a little wave that rippled
Caught up a ray of light,
And held her to himself awhile,
I knew it was not right,
But the wave had watched and waited
For this sunbeam warm and true,
Since the early rose of morning
Changed to evening's deepest blue.

Yes, he caught the ray of sunlight,
They danced away in glee,
Over the blue of Waban's lake
On to the green of the sea.
Far away on the ocean wide,
Merrily, merrily on,—
But Night stole over the water,
And the sunbeam's life was gone.

And now, when the summer shadows
Creep weirdly oer the waves,
Turning to liquid mercury
The water of nooks and caves,
And, gleaming on all, a shimmer
Of pale and lurid light
Comes and goes in its dances
Brightening the heart of Night.

They tell me 'tis phosphorescence
That glimmers over the sea,
I know 'tis the sunbeam's spirit
Still dancing on in glee.
For many a wave on the water
Has caught a bright sunbeam,
And each in the closing darkness
Has passed to spirit-gleam.

F. H. L.

BROWNIE.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

One morning in the Vatican, as I sat in a dark corner of the little room where the two great pictures of the Transfiguration and St. Jerome hang silently, some one laid a hand on my arm and whispered, "Are you here?" "And how do you like it?" I turned and saw a friend I had met and fallen in love with a few months before in Paris, whose great bright eyes made me almost forget our immortal companions.

"It," I repeated, after an exchange of greetings, which is it?"

"Oh," she said, in the startled, timid way she had when deeply interested, "the other is great, wonderful. I suppose it is the greatest and grandest picture in the world," and she looked rather fearfully at the famous composition of Raphael, "but it is so far away, it is heaven; I can understand this," and she gazed earnestly at the lean, death-stricken saint, from whom every vestige of earthliness had vanished away as if consumed by his intense spiritual passion. I glanced from Domemchino's painting to the little maid beside me, with her eyes glowing and her lips trembling in the effort to express herself, and the thought came to me that perhaps she could and did really understand it.

She was an interesting creature, and harder for me to understand than St. Jerome was for her. Her name was Jessica Brown Linscott, and we had learned to call her "Brownie" during the months we had so often met her at

their quiet Paris home, she was so gentle, so thoughtful, so unobtrusive. After an evening there, one only had a remembrance of her luminous hazel eyes and a certain air of intensity, with perhaps a hazy impression of soft, dark hair, and slender, graceful figure, clad in a clinging gown of some unobtrusive color. She and her sister Eva always appeared together, "like two forget-me-nots," I heard some one say, but I think "pansies" would have been better. Not far away lingered Mrs. Linscott, an inconsequent, undecided woman, to whom Brownie was always saying in a tone half authoritative, half remonstrative, all respectful, "No, Mamma;" and "Oh! yes, Mamma," in response to appeals for advice.

Brownie's strange mixture of retiring timidity and almost masterful independence of thought fascinated one. At times, and indeed I may say generally, she only listened in a humble, shrinking way, seemingly overcome by her own significance and the magnitude of the great world of feeling and thought and action, of which she caught glimpses in a hazy way. "I cannot think about myself, I seem so unjustified," she said once when I alluded to her past life. But let some one affront her ideas of justice and humanity, or refer lightly to the religion she held sacred, and she would rise up, flushed and trembling in her indignation; the warmth and intensity with which she expressed her convictions, the unmistakable and pitiless terms she employed, the utter lack of sympathy she showed for the profane unfortunate who dragged his worldly notions of "expediency" and "common sense" into the shining presence of her pure, unselfish soul, made one think of Catherine Ellsmere, and wonder whether the gentle Brownie would fail to find it within her power to forgive a man in whom she had been mistaken.

Of men, individually, she had not seen much in an intimate way. Born in a small town in Vermont, where the Linscotts lived for fifteen years in the parsonage of the Presbyterian church under her father's charge, she saw little beyond their family life, and the small, prim circle which moved, or stood rather, in Aurora. Inheriting from her father a dreamy, somewhat visionary nature, the sort usually known as unpractical, she was not very keenly alive to the petty interests of the few people she saw. Her education was conducted at home, and ran much more to Longfellow and Lowell and Wadsworth, than to algebra and Latin. Indeed, I have known her to spell clever with an a, and her spoken sentences would get mixed someway and wander incoherently from the subject, and sparkle off into oh's and you knows, and bright, expressive, appealing glances.

But she knew and loved Thanatopsis and Gray's Elegy, and the legends of the saints and the pictures and statues and buildings of the old masters of by-gone days. She prayed with Fra Angelico over his crucifixions and worshipped with his angels. She spent hours in silent, almost stupefied wonder before the Sistine Madonna or the Venus di Milo. "They are the same to me," she said, "both God-like, both self-sufficient, like the eternal mother of humanity." Music she knew well, and loved particularly Mozart, because he lifted her into a serene atmosphere, away from the incessant turmoil of every day life. Her sensitiveness to this class of externals made one think of the poet who could hear the grass grow, and one wondered whether her senses, too, would not break down under their grinding toil.

The one to whom she seemed most akin, began to show signs of failing health very early. Mr. Linscott's friends, grown anxious over the symptoms of weakness developed in his delicate constitution by confining work and constant nervous strain, urged him to give up his charge and get away from the harsh winters of Vermont. Brownie was not fifteen when they left Aurora for Kansas City, where the climate

seemed to suit her father better, but his love for New England drew him back east again. The next four years were very anxious and trying ones for them all, as his life gradually slipped away. In the time of sorrow and loneliness after his death, Brownie drew very close to Eva, and learned to take the care of all perplexing affairs from her fretful and habitually distracted mother.

Foreign as it was to this absent, far-away little body to take responsibility, even for the most trivial of every day matters, the necessities of the situation developed in her a very fair ability, and no small degree of clearness and precision. It was she who paid bills and ordered the household; she who rented their houses in Kansas City and made arrangements for their absence when they decided to travel a few years; she who planned details and decided where they should go and when. To be sure, she forgot they meant to stop at York until they were in London, and they missed the carnival in Rome by starting from Paris just a week too late. "You see it was the same day of the week," she explained, "and it really doesn't matter much, the carnival in Venice was very pretty."

This disposition to make the best of the situation, "in whatever state she was, therewith to be content," was not just what one might have expected of her. The rigidity of Puritanical training like hers, which renders the character severe and the judgment uncompromising, often develops habits of harsh criticism of all conditions. The conviction that all men are by nature depraved and desperately wicked, sometimes pervades the entire individual with a disposition to see first and mainly the evil in every situation. Such morbid conscientiousness as is thus developed, to refer to a character to whom we have already compared Brownie, such abnormal sensitiveness to the dangers of any move, led Catherine Leyburn to refuse at first to marry Ellsmere, to frown on her sister Bose's musical talent, and finally to torment the last hours of her husband with mute remonstrances against his change of faith. To both Brownie and Eva their New England ancestors had bequeathed something of this spirit, and the narrowness of their early life had not tended to diminish it. The hopeless condition of the world and all institutions in general weighed heavily on Eva, and broke off association with people whose opinions she found she could not apppove. Brownie's wider experience with people and affairs had led her to discover that there is good in everything, and her deep conscientiousness made her only anxious to find it. Then, too, her timidity, and the dreamy element in her nature, which created a world within herself when she lived out of the reach of any external disturbances, bestowed on her a spirit of content, and served to counteract the influences of the Puritanical inheritance and training.

Just one thing, this power of getting good out of everything, of extracting the sweets from every experience, coupled with her invariable power of giving pleasure, made her what she was. To be sure, the pleasure she gave was not of a pretentious kind. She was not brilliant or erudite, only earnest, and lovable and shy. No doubt some would find her stupid and simple, but even these would be gratified to patronize her humble and admiring ignorance. She united a low estimate of her powers and timidity in expressing herself with real independence of thought and decision of judgment; a dreamy, imaginative tendency with profound thoughtfulness of the true nature of things; an inadequate training and inconsiderable mental discipline, with an intense sympathy for genius in various forms, and an unusual sensitiveness to its manifestations. She developed an irresponsible disposition into a forced and imperfect executive ability; a somewhat narrow nature into a larger and far-reaching charity.

She learned to take pleasure and to give pleasure. It was to her Longfellow said—

"Let thy smile, like sunshine, dart,
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."

Agnes Sinclair Holbrook.

JURIN' O' DE WAUGH.

"Oh goody! yonder 's Uncle John," screamed Sam, rushing out through the little gate into the grove. Arthur and Lil followed precipitately and soon all three were seated on the baskets around the old man, begging for a story. He grinned slyly as he put another white oak split into the cotton basket he was weaving. He had helped to amuse "dese chill'n o' Mars Rob's" ever since they could talk,and always liked to get their interest properly aroused before gratifying it.

So he chuckled inwardly, listening complacently to their "Please, now, Uncle John," and let his eye wander to the great white house with its dormer windows and spacious hall. His mind was wandering back to slavery times when the basket dropped to the ground and he was recalled by a giggle from the youngsters.

"Yo think I'se been 'sleep, does yo'? I'se a good min' not ter tell yo' no story, jes' fer yo onpoliteness."

Then seeing looks of disappointment on the children's faces, he proceeded.

"Well, den, y'all jes' quiet down en don pester me wid no ridic'lous questions, en I'll tell yo' 'bout sumfin' what happen in de jurin' o' de waugh. Yo' paw wus 'bout seben year ole when de waugh bruk out, en wus ez spunky a li'l chap as eber I see. 'Pears lak he'd jes natch'ly go wil' on de subjec' er sodgerin.' He had all de li'l niggers on de place er drillin' 'em jes' lak Mars Arthur done show 'im when he wus home on de furlough. He useter make 'em all march roun', did young Mars Rob, tell dey was' ready ter drop.

Den he'd get outer ole Liz, er ole hoss whut wus mos'ly skin en bones, en wa'nt no mo' good fer wuk, en make lak he er cap'n er some big man er ne'er, tell de po' ole thing 'ud puff des lak a p'ar er bellerses. Ne'er time he tuk a ole cyarvin' knife fer a so'd en went up en hack down a lot er Marster's pet cawn in de gyarden, purtendin dey wus de inemy.

But de wust time er all wus when he come nigh blowin' one er de niggers up. One day he took a ole 'gun bar'l whut wus lyin' roun', en fill it mighty nigh haf full er powder outen a flas' whut he stole outen de closet. Den he fergit 'bout it, tank de Lawd, en lay it down in de yard no mo'n a foot fum de soap pot. Howsomedever de nex day one er de niggers come erlong en make a fiah und' dat pot, kase ole Miss gwine hab some soap made. He neber notice de gun, en in co'se tereckly er spark flew out, en dar wus de bigges' sort er racket in de yard, en dat ole pot wus histed higher'n it eber riz befah er since, I reckon.

'Long 'bout dis time dey wus er fightin ober yonder ter de ribber. 'Y'all knows yo' don' ha' ter go no mo'n bout five mile twell yo' git dah, an we could year ev'ything des lak we wus dah. Young Mars Rob, he 'low he wus goin ober ter see de fightin. En co'se ole Mars an ole Miss, dey wus'n gwine er let im, so when he up en ax 'em dey des natch'ly say no. He beg en beg, en wus so 'stonish' dat his beggin' did'n do no good dis time, dat atter so long er time he never say no mo' 'bout it. But beins ez he wus a spiled young critter he low ter hisse'f he up en go anyway.

Nex' mo'nin' dey wus a mighty stir en flyin' roun up ter de house, yo' can jes reckon. Young Mars Rob couldn't be foun high *ner* low. Ole Miss wus mos' stracted, er cryin en goin' on, en Marster look' ez black ez er thunder-cloud, en went eroun'er talkin' ter hisse'f en actin' like all persessed. Seems lak dey could'n no mo' think en dey could fly. Bime by one er de niggers come in en say ole Liz done gone too, en all er a sudden hit

struck em whar de chile done gone. Well, ole Mars he up en tole me fer ter saddle de black pony en go atter dat ar chile, see'ins ez how he could'n go kase his ahn had done been shot en he wus still er feelin' mighty po'ly.

You kin jes' bet I up en started off in a mighty lope, lope, en dey had been a rain in de night so I could see fresh tracks mighty plain. De chile had'n been gone long kase brekfus' wus jes ober en twan't long fo I kotch sight er 'im a li'l' piece up de road. He see me er comin' en try ter make ole Liz go. She started off a li'l' fas'er, en 'clar' ter goodness, ef I could'n year 'er ole bones rattle! Putty soon dey come ter a place whar de road cross er branch en de clay wuz ez sticky en muddy ez it could be on accounts ob de rain. Ole Liz wuz mighty tired en when she come ter dis deep mud on de side er de branch she took en stuck all er er sudden,en Mars Rob went sailin' ober her haid, haid ober heels squar' inter de mud, en dar he stuck. I was er laffin so when I see it I could'n skasely stay on de hoss, kase in co'se I knowed he wus'n' hurted. Bad white child'n neber is. By de time I got dah he wus 'mos' smothered in de mud. His nose en mouf wus plum full er it, en I had ter wash his face in de branch mighty quick. I kin tell yer, kase it wus 'mos' black f'um hol'in' his bref so long. He fit des' lak a tager 'gins' goin' home, en —"

"Did all that happen sure enough, Uncle John," interrupted all three children together.

"Go'n ax ya' paw. He been oberseein de tree cuttin' down in de bottom terday, en it's 'bout time fer him ter come 'long de road."

"O father, father, *did* it happen sure 'nough?" called the children rushing across the grove to meet a tall, stout, jolly looking man as he rode into the grove through the big gate.

"Some of John's yarns about me? Oh, yes, oh, yes, except what little boys oughtn't to do," he laughed, and was borne in triumph into the house, as the supperbell rang.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Thursday evening, the Misses Leitch spoke in the chapel on missionary work in Ceylon.

Rev. Newman Smythe of New Haven, Conn., preached in the chapel last Sunday morning. His text is found in Luke 21: 29-31.

On Sunday evening, Miss Dox spoke on the work in New Mexico. On account of the extreme heat the meeting was held on the lawn in front of the College.

The old girls are thronging back to Alma Mater. Among those already noticed here are Miss Grace Duncan, Miss Marianna Blood, Miss Grace Jackson, Miss Juliette Wall, Miss Margaret Wrenn, Miss Alice Stevens, Miss Alice Clement, Miss Marian Perrin, Miss Marion Parker, Miss Alice Arnold and Miss Gay Fanning, all of '91: Miss Gertrude Smith and Miss Helen Stillwell, formerly of 92, and Miss Mary Smith, Miss Evelyn Cobb and Miss Alice Perry, formerly of '94.

Miss Darow, formerly instructor in drawing here, is visiting at the College.

The Art Society held its annual meeting for election of officers Friday evening, June 17. Miss Delarue Howe, '93, was elected president; Miss Mary Marot, vice-president; Miss Charlotte Irish, '93, recording secretary; Miss Alice Reed, '93, corresponding secretary; Miss Stella Hoghton, '93, treasurer, and Miss Effie Macmillan, '94, and Miss Helen Macmillan, '94, keepers.

Zeta Alpha held its last program meeting last Friday evening.

Wednesday evening, June 8, the crew of '94 invited the class and College to the christening of their boat. The boat was drawn up on the pier and surrounded by members of the crew dressed in white, with their green Tree Day

caps of last year. In the absence of '94's president, the vice-president, Miss Bertha Longley, gave the welcoming address. The coxswain, Miss Edith Crapo, then unfurled the flag and the class sang their song. Miss Canfield, the captain of the crew, broke the bottle over the bow, and the crew launched the boat amid hearty cheers.

The Shakespeare Society held its last program meeting of the year on Friday evening, June 10. The program was as follows:

Shakespeare News.	Miss Campbell.
Browning, the Creator of the Dramatic Monologue,	Miss Stimson.
Comparison of the Realism of Shakespeare with that of Ibsen,	Miss Mudgett.
The Drama of Swinburne,	Miss Spalding.
Lyrics from the Dramas of Browning and Tennyson,	Miss Conner
The Tendencies of the Modern French Drama,	Miss Holbrook.
The Blot on the 'Scutcheon.	Act 1 Scene 3.
Mildred,	Miss Lucas.
Henry, Earl of Mertoun,	Miss Reid.
Guendolen,	Miss White.

The Agora held its elections last week. The officers were as follows: President, A. H. Laughlin, '94; Vice-president, A. H. Peterson; '94; Recording Secretary, H. R. Hibbard, '94; Corresponding Secretary, M. W Learoyd, '94; Treasurer, A. W. Damon, '93; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. L. Vinal, '94.

On Saturday evening, June 11th, Wellesley welcomed, with glad hospitality, her many friends to the celebration of Float. The weather could not have been more propitious, it was a day of bright sunshine and cool, soft shadows and our Alma Mater wore her most smiling countenance. By six o'clock the banks of the lake were crowded with visitors, and at half past six the crews marched down from their assembling place at the south door of College Hall to their respective piers. Applause greeted '92, appearing for the last time in her clover pink and white, while a hearty welcome was given to '94, who that evening made her debut in suits of dark red and green, combining the colors of the class flower, nasturtium. The freshmen crews were an unusually attractive feature this year; five of them having been selected and trained by Miss Hill, and they certainly showed that they had profited by her generous instruction. Another new feature of the occasion was the light cedar boats which the different classes have purchased this year, a great improvement upon the old time "tubs." As the crews pulled off from shore each in turn was greeted by the class which it represented with a hearty cheer, to which it responded from the lake with the crew salute. When the twilight shadows deepened, the boats drew close to shore and forming a star, with the senior boat as center, the crews rendered a most delightful musical program. '92's new song met with much favor. The '93, '94, Special and Freshman songs were all received with well merited enthusiasm, and the old Wellesley favorites, in which all the crews joined, were as much enjoyed as ever. The entertainment ended with a blaze of fireworks from the farther shore of the lake, which added much to the beauty of the scene. The senior crew and their efficient captain, Miss Pullen, are certainly to be congratulated on the success of their Float.

Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, Monday evening, many assembled in the chapel to hear the concert given by the pupils of the school of music. Each and every performer acquitted herself with credit. The fact that the numbers increased, rather than diminished before the evening was over, attested the fact that the interest did not wane. Wellesley ranks among her number several who bid fair to do her

great credit in the musical world. The program rendered was as follows:

Romanza, in F sharp major, Op. 28, } Schumann
Novelette, in E major, }
Miss Agnes S. Cook.

Song, "The Vision," Vannucini
Miss Evelyn C. Torrey.

Fantasie-Impromptu, Op, 66, Chopin
Miss Martha M. Hocker.

Cavatina, from Beatrice di Tenda, Bellini
Miss E. Louise Sheldon.

Tarantelle, Op. 27, No. II, Moszkowski
Miss Bettie Keith.

Violin Solo, Chanson, Allen
Miss Etta Penniman.

Scherzo, from Sonata, Rheinberger
Miss Grace L. Jones.

Song, "Sunset," Buck
Miss Marion N. Wilcox.

Concerto, in C. minor, 1st movement, Beethoven
(Cadenza by Carl Reinecke.)
Miss Grace E. Webber.

Songs, *a* "A Quandary," }
b "A Summer Song," }
c "A Cornish Lullaby," } Helen Hood
d "Expectation," }
Miss Helen Foss

Nocturne, in B flat minor, Op. 9, No. I, Chopin
Miss Clara Hovey.

Violin Solo, Romanza, Op. 22, Goltermann
Miss Emily Stewart.

Soirees de Vienne, No. 6, Schubert-Liszt
Miss Susie M. Lum.

Trio, "The Violet," Curschmann
Misses Foss, Brown and Hough.

Novelette, in F major, Schumann
Miss Mabel Keller.

EXCHANGES.

"*Trinity Verse.*" Selections from *The Trinity Tablet* 1889 1892. Edited by William French Collins and Richard Stayner Graves, Hartford, Conn. Press of the Case Lockwood and Brainard Company 1892.

In criticism of this collection of poems we cannot do better than quote the words of the editors themselves in their preface. "It is needless to say that the college versifier has his faults, that his work is in large measure imitative, and in many cases crude, but there is a certain distinctive character in verse written by young men which it is hard to find elsewhere." There is the breath of summer and the young beginning of things in this little book. Imitative the poems certainly are; one feels the Austin Fobson influence in *Her Satin Fan*, *My Great Aunt's Fan*, *Motiveless Auf Wiederschu* and other of the dainty, half-mocking little love songs; but the verses are distinctive as well. They are care free, and their light-hearted pessimism but renders them more charming. The tone of the books is essentially modern and it is interesting to note that the few translations and imitations of the classics, as *Perseus*, *Sat. III*, 35 43, *Ode from Anacreon*, *Oh*, *Fountain of Boudasia*, date from '35, '69, '68, while in the '80's and '90's *vers de societe*, modern nature, and modern philosophy, occupy the collegiate mind. In general the lighter forms of verse have been employed by the writer, more happily than the sonnet; but the two sonnets, *Iceland* and *Cui Bono*, are admirable both for their workmanship and their originality. The poems, even of the graver sort, are not poems of experience; they express no heart ache, no vital issues; but they are full of wonder, speculation and enthusiasm; they are sincere: and despite the air of youth and summer which pervades them they are surprisingly lacking in that sentimentality which is often the most apparent characteristic of early notice attempts. We heartily welcome it to a place in our college literature, and congratulate the editors upon their success.

F. C.

The *Bryn Mawr Lantern* for '92 offers some very fair reading. The poems are not remarkable, translations from the German being rather the most attractive. The poem after Browning and dialogue after Plato, exhibit some power of caricature, but not much of originality. The editorial work is well done, but has not many suggestions or ideas that are

new, and the *Farce* is decidedly inferior, at least when read: it may be better acted. The leading article on *Some Old Magazines* goes over the same ground, covered by a recent article in *The Harvard Monthly* on *Some Eighteenth Century Magazines*, and *On the Binding of Books* is rather musty. *The Fatherland* is excellent, and *In a Night Watch* has a note of power. On the whole the volume is rather inferior to the publication of last year, and for the only annual paper of Bryn Mawr, a trifle disappointing.

A. S. H.

On June 18, Prof. Denio sailed for Europe on the Etruria. She will be accompanied by the Misses Florence H. Myrick, '92, Anna Winegar, '92, Loraine Meeker, '86-'89, Margaret T. Algoe, '88, and Bertha Halsey, sister of Charlotte Halsey, '90. The Misses Algoe and Halsey will accompany the party only a short time, as they are to remain in Germany for study. On June 25, the Misses L. Isabel Morgan, '93, Genevieve Stuart, '91, and Ellen J. Wall, '91, will sail on the Cephalonia, joining Prof. Denio's party at London, and after travelling with them for the summer, will remain for a part of the winter in Paris. On September 2nd, Prof. Denio will sail from Liverpool for New York on the Aurania.

AULD AQUAINTANCE.

Our Wellesley Alumnæ are in the van at this commencement season. Miss Anna Robertson Brown, '83, is the first woman on whom the University of Pennsylvania has conferred the degree of Ph. D. Miss Sarah J. McNary, '90, is the first woman to receive the degree of M. A. from the University of the city of New York. Miss Louise Hannum, '91, who has been studying at Cornell this year, has been awarded a fellowship in philosophy at that university, though she had made no application for one.

The Somerville, Mass., Journal, in an editorial commending the recent decision of the school board that music shall hereafter be systematically taught by a special teacher in the lower grades of the public schools as in the higher, adds these few words about Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84. "It is not too much to say that the lion's share of the credit for this is due to Miss Sanborn, whose efficiency on the board is acknowledged by all acquainted with Somerville school matters."

The address of Mrs. Emma Sherburne Eaton, '83, is Wilmington, Mass.

MARRIED.

Mann—Magoun—In Boston, June 8th, Miss Martha R. Mann, '85, to Mr. Herbert William Magoun.

Hoyt—Heaton—In Portsmouth, N. H., June 15th, Miss Emily I. Hoyt, '89-'91, to Mr. James A. Heaton.

DIED.

At Winterset, Iowa, June 7th, Brevet Major and Captain Evarts S. Ewing, U. S. A., father of Miss Eva Ewing, '87-'90.

In Auburn, N. Y., June 6th, Miss Charlotte Westcott, '90.

WABAN RIPPLES.

COMMON SENSE PHILOSOPHY II.

It is truly very common, and it speaks in wisest way,
Of benevolence and kindness, of the "can" and "ought" and "may;"
Then it tells in complex language of a last and final aim,
And treats of lofty nations which we hardly dare to name;

It declares that virtue, duty, are things separate apart,
That duty from the brain proceeds and virtue from the heart.
And declares then, with a meaning that we fail to understand
That virtue is a duty which we all "ought" to command.
It says that love is selfishness and truth but a pretence,
It is truly very common, but pray *can* you call it *sense*?

HIGH LIFE.

Dusky Damsel. Ma, does pappy want greens fur his dinner?

Ma. Naw, chile. I dunno whut ails yo' pappy dese days, he gittin so mighty fictitious 'bout he grub.

LITERARY INSPIRATION.

Instructor to Miss—who has just recited one of Tennyson poems. Miss—is it characteristic of Tennyson?

Miss—promptly. Yes it is.

Instructor. To treat of every day themes?

(Miss—subsides while the class was hilarious.)

94's BOAT.

This boat the name of "Charity"
By her greatest greatness wins.
Likewise in charity do hide
A multitude of sins.
But charity, it vaunteth not,
Alas, oh ninety-four,
A boat of thine this name should bear
Oh never, never more.

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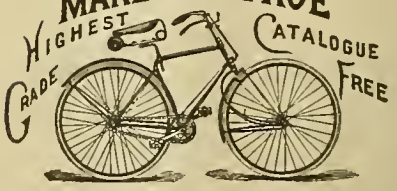

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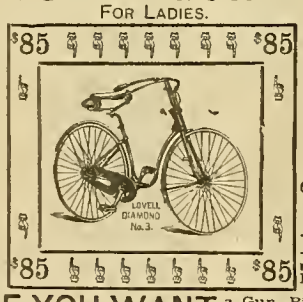

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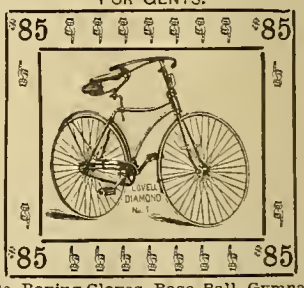

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